

# DYREBAR



METTE KARLSVIK  
& KATRIN BERGE

# DEAR

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&

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The sea is grey as granite, a type of stone.  
The same stone as on the island Jaw.  
Stone upon stone has made the island tall,  
it can be seen all the way from the mainland.  
On the shore, at the shallow waterfront,  
a stag looks out across the water, toward Jaw.  
*Cervus elaphus*, the stag,  
wades into the sea, blue as azure,  
the colour that comes from a stone  
that borrows blueish hues from the sky  
and spreads them out above the water.  
The stag watches the golden setting sun.  
Sunlight gleams on a white mountain top – far off.

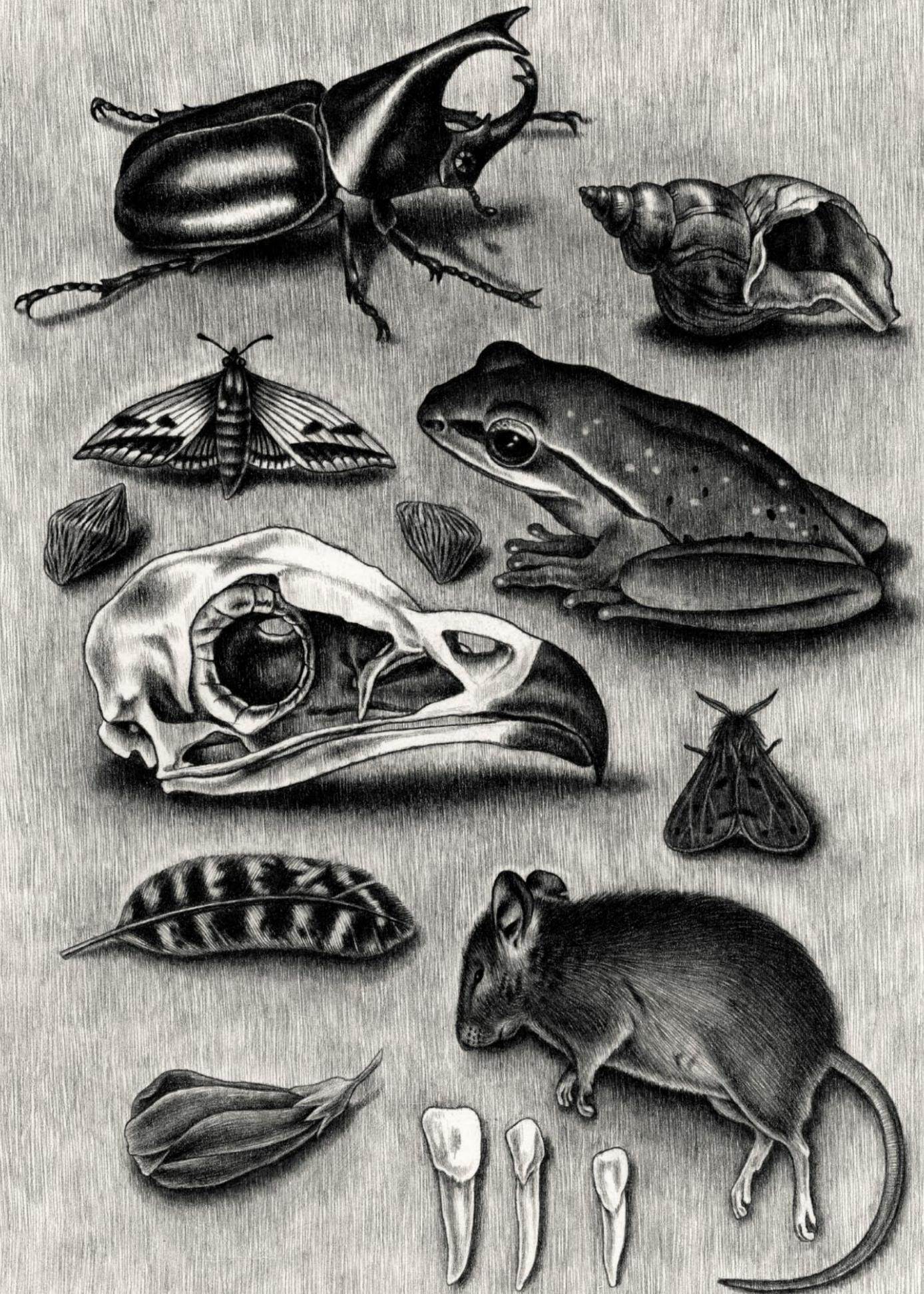


The setting sun is a rift in the sea.  
Twilight comes at once.  
An adult voice through the woods, calls: *Come home!*  
Aude lets mother holler.  
She picks up a stone, a genuine, azure gemstone,  
clasps it tightly and enters the wood.  
The wood opens up. Nocturnal plants unfurl their blooms.  
The girl fashions a boat from flower petals.  
Carries it over her head, like a set of firm antlers.  
The sea is vast. Only the rift of sunlight tells Aude which direction is west.  
An adult voice lows through the foliage.  
Raw strength meets love in the lowing on the seashore.  
Aude's seashell ears know that speech.  
The call is for cows, the old and the young.



Large animals die.  
There they remain.  
The landscape of Jaw is hewn with these.  
Time passes. The pile grows. Turns into fossils.  
Fossils become mountains. Mountains rise.  
Microbes expand. Large microbes break down large bodies.  
Make food for new life. New life which teems on an island in salt.  
Algae, amoebae, lizards, salamanders, an elk, four yellow eyes,  
perhaps two foxes: each finds sustenance in one way or other on the island.  
Warmth and mist, wind and cold, or a combination of each:  
the relations are good between cold and warmblooded.  
Those with hard shells are well off, but the tender are as well,  
here on this island. Even the tiniest creatures find somewhere to thrive.  
There is warm water. Lungs fill with cold, salted sea air.

Steep cliffs line Jaw's edges.  
Bare, smooth rock faces repel the gaze.  
Eagle and albatross, pelican and swift gaze out beyond the rock.  
The heart of the rock is the island's centre, between rock and rock.  
Mere metres of conglomerate hold the atmosphere from magma.  
Dividing the planet's blood from its lungs is only a thin layer of granite, nitrate,  
silicate, crystal, opal. The air is warm and dense, rich and fertile.  
Here orchids grow, curling ferns, and hogweed.  
Hearty stags leap near the mountainous cauldron. The strongest of them  
cut clefts in the rock, climb to the rim, and know there is food to be found within.



Petals drift to Jaw. Driftwood floats to Jaw. Cool, moist air sweeps inland.  
The air meets the rock face, climbs up, and sheds its rain on the mountain.  
Some rain falls outside the mountain, some falls in.  
Inside, the water turns to vapour. Like a volcano in a land without volcanoes.  
Warmth cast by blood and brawn. Aude rises up from the shore, to the rock, to a wall.  
The wall blocks Aude's way. She studies it with her gaze. An echo scatters  
sounds of her stirrings. Cracks in the rock are eyes in the wall. Aude places a foot in one,  
and climbs. She climbs far above the shore, beyond the rules down below.

The mountain is an upright cave.  
Cloven hoofmarks and high-flying birds are guides to show the way in.  
Sharp child's eyes notice patterns in the birds' flutterings.  
Covert paths lead to craggy terrain, up rock by rock,  
up to perilous heights for those who wish to descend.

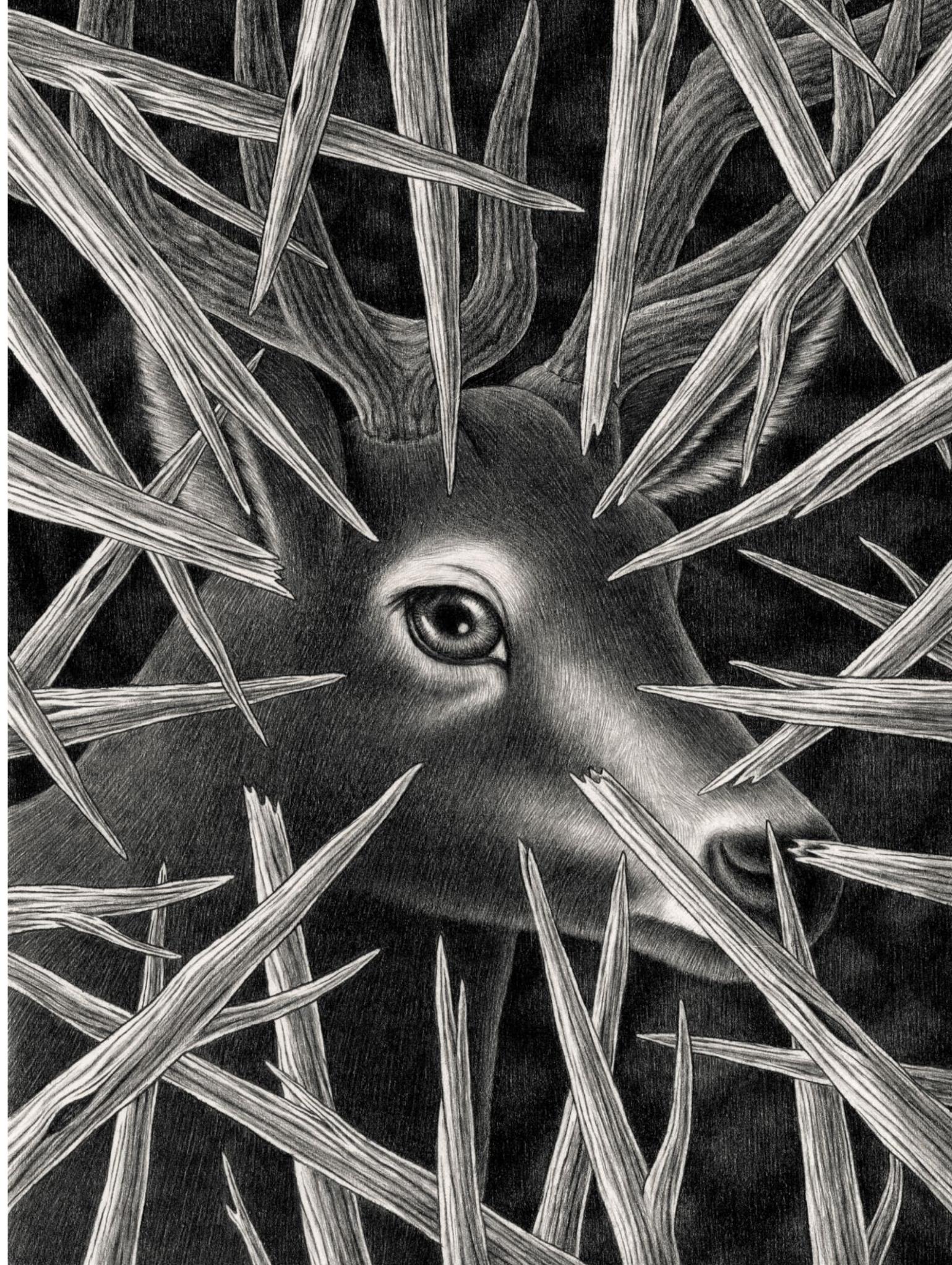
Such a great height is the wind's domain.  
Aude leans into the rock, her chest faces the sea, her back toward the wall.  
Only birds soar close. Stare straight at Aude. Strictly gazing.  
Sharp beaks. Blood red beaks. The blood rushes in Aude, and bears her up.  
Aude takes in the sunset, halts time's forward rush, prolonging the day.  
The ravine at her feet is flushed in evening. Aude stands on the brim of a cauldron.  
The granite cauldron smells of autumn. From the pitch black depths comes a stag call.





The southwestern wind blows in thickets of mist.  
The wind breaks on the mountain.  
At the peak, the air is dry. Aude lets the air come.  
It gathers up the girl-scent and rolls up over the brim,  
and down again, down into the cauldron.  
The girl-scent comes to *Cervus elaphus*. The deer inhales, deeply.  
Looks up sharply. Two pearls gleaming. Gleaming all the way up to Aude.  
She clasps the precious stone in her hand. It seems so small now,  
and so blue, against the white glow from the valley floor.

The southwestern wind can't hook the northeast.  
There are still some hardy willow switches, brawny branches, which Aude now holds fast.  
Lowers herself to the floor, grabs hold of thicker branches, and then: poplars !  
The pearls gleam from the forest edge. With the wind at her back, Aude continues ahead.  
Girl-scent in its nose, the stag stands still. He looks straight ahead.  
Stares without seeing. Believing it prevents others from discovering him.



Aude pulls branches from a willow,  
weaves willow cords between the poplar branches.  
Ties cord to cord for her own stag land.  
The kingdom of the stag has five rings.  
Outermost is the sea. Innermost is another sea, freshwater.  
Inside of the sea is the shore. Inside of the shore is the granite cauldron.  
Inside of the cauldron is Aude's world. Inside of the world is the stag's watering hole.  
The stag is king in a land of five rings.  
*The king is all powerful, must only rub the tree trunks with his horns!*  
But the stag remains, stiffly standing, breathing and expiring.  
The girl is drawn to the warmth. The stag is drawn toward the water. He is thirsty.  
But most of all, he is proud. He does not hinder Aude.  
She has only a small horn of hair on her head, a soft one, a single horn of hair.  
The stag has sixteen horns, and is sixteen times more gentle to her.



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Author: Mette Karlsvik  
Illustrator: Katrin Berge  
Translator: Becky Crook  
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Address:  
Magikon forlag  
Fjellveien 48A  
1410 Kolbotn  
Norway

Contact:  
Svein Størksen  
svein@magikon.no  
0047 97 75 0060